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SAC AND FOX TALES.

[THESE tales of the Sac and Fox Indians of Iowa have an interest apart from their folk-lore contents. They were written by Mrs. Mary Lasley, of Reserve, Brown County, Kans. Mrs. Lasley, whose Indian name is Bee-wah-thee-wah, or "Singing Bird," is the daughter of Black Hawk. The tales have been subjected to such editorial revision as was necessary to remove ambiguities and grammatical defects interfering with the narration. The "Tale of the Twins" deserves attention in particular. Noteworthy is also the "Uncle Remus(?)" story about the 'Possum. The contact of the Indians with civilization is revealed by many non-aboriginal turns of expression, etc. Material such as this is valuable for many reasons. The editor owes these tales to the courtesy of Miss Mary Owen, of St. Joseph, Mo., to whom they were originally sent by Mrs. Lasley. — NOTE OF EDITOR.]

THE SACRED PIPE.

How, in olden times, the Indians came into this world is not known to everybody, — only to the great men that own a holy pipe. There are seven of these pipes in the tribe, — one person in each band has one. The person who has it must be very good and allow no fighting inside the house, no hurt, no bloodshed, no wounding. In case one man kills another, and the relations or the band of the latter are angry and fighting is threatened in the tribe, the murderer's relatives or his band get the pipe and make peace with the angry people, who cannot refuse, else they will not have good luck.

Again, when a young girl grows up. If she is the daughter of a rich man or of a chief, he will "make her great." He will have a mark put on her head (sometimes also on her hand and her breast, if she gives enough things to have the marking done), a round spot not as big as a hat-pin head. To do this it takes about two or three hundred dollars' worth of things (sometimes in ponies, about a dozen and a half) in goods or in money. One of the pipe-keepers will be called upon to perform the ceremony. He will provide the pipe and the things used to mark the girl with, which are kept with the holy pipe. He will keep himself the best things, or the best pony. The rest will be given to persons invited, some poor man or poor woman sometimes, or some persons that know the things of olden times and can tell all about them, how people came into this world, etc. The pipe-keeper will call on three or four, or more, when he thinks there are enough things to go round, and they will tell all they know. The girl will live longer and have good luck, because she gave so many things away, had the holy pipe laid out before her, and had all the holy words told. When they get through there is a feast, and the parties will sing all night for her and tell her all the tales of olden times, and some of the holy names.

If any one wants to hear and learn these things, he may give

things and go in, or he may buy these words ; or, if he gives too much, he will be the next owner, if he is a relation, or a member of the band.

FASTING.

In olden times the Indians knew that there was God. When a man's children were old enough to learn, they were taught to mind. They were made to fast one, two, three, four, or sometimes ten days. They were told that God would take pity upon them and would make something great stand up before them and talk to them plainly. It will be the sun or moon, or stars of night, or any sort of animal. They are told that if they can remember the wonderful thing they saw at fasting-time, when in danger during war, if they say "God had pity upon me once, and I will depend on it, they will be helped. In the case of a boy, the father will teach him to be brave and tough, to face his enemies in war ;" to die on the battle-field and not in his tribe ; to fight his enemies, and not fight in the tribe, or over women. The Indians teach their children everything (except reading, writing, etc.), just like white people. They teach them to be good and polite to everybody, to respect everybody, to be smart and active. In olden times they taught the boys to be brave, for then the Indians used to kill one another. He who killed the most men in battle would be ruler over his people, next to the chief. The Indians say that when God made the people he made also the chief to rule them. To-day, when they have a quarrel with a chief who is n't a real chief, they will tell him he is no real chief, but only acting one.

About girls. They let them fast to have good luck in helping their people out of danger in time of war, etc., to aid them when they give birth to children, and to help out other women who have a hard time. Here is the true story of a woman who helped her people out of danger : —

The Sac and Fox Indians of Iowa were bad. One or two Indians would go to a tribe and kill somebody or steal horses and then return home. Once two men went to the Kickapoo village and made fun of a blind boy. They made believe he was running them, and that they were afraid of him and his bow and arrow. He would aim at them and they would run away, saying he was very brave. They bothered him a long time, and when they got tired they killed him. They told the blind boy's father that his son was killed, that he was pretty brave, and ran them a good while until he got killed. The father commenced to fast all winter, and he felt very bad, crying every time he fasted. He stuffed a pipe full of tobacco and took it to four or five villages of other tribes. They smoked the pipe, which meant that they were willing to help the old man. He appointed a time two or three years off. These Indians mixed with

the Sacs and Foxes, so that they were thought to be Sacs and Foxes of the Mississippi. They were called Ma-squ-hee in Indian. Their language was different from that of the Sacs, but they had married among them, so they called them Sacs and Foxes. There was a big war, four or five tribes together against two, but the smaller side began to lose. Their enemies made up their minds to kill every one of them. So they kept it up day and night. Some of the women and children starved to death. Soon there was only a small tribe left. They were pursued a long way and surrounded by their enemies, who watched them all night so that they could not get away. So they whispered to one another, and passed the pipe round, and told of their dreams and the wonderful things they had seen when fasting and the dangers they had escaped. The pipe kept passing round until at last one woman and one man got up and said that they would try to get the people out of their great danger. The woman said, "Find me an ear of corn," and they found her one. She took it in her arms and treated it as if it were a baby. She sang for it, just as if it were her own baby, and tried to put it to sleep. In so doing she put all the people around them to sleep. At the same time the man was acting his part (as an elk), and made it foggy so nobody could see far. Then they took each other's hand (so as not to get lost), and the woman led all her people that were left out of danger. They travelled all night, having jumped over their sleeping enemies, one after another. It was so dark that nothing could be seen, but their enemies remained sound asleep, and they managed to escape. Soon they came across a village and were afraid, but it turned out to be the village of the Iowas. When they told them their story, the Iowas were very sorry for them and angry besides. The Iowas welcomed them and told them not to be afraid, as they would fight for them. But their enemies never followed them up. So the Sacs and Foxes were saved. They have increased a great deal since that time. Doubtless on that terrible night some of them may have strayed away and got lost. This they never knew for certain. There have been some Indians heard of in the far west who talked the Sac language. The oldest men used to tell us to remember that their only friends were the Iowas. So, as long as they live, the Indians must be good to them; even if it is only an Iowa dog and wants anything they must feed it. While their enemies were after them the Sacs and Foxes had a very hard time of it day and night. Many of the women and children starved to death. Often the babies would drop from their backs at night. They were so hungry that, whenever there was time they would eat roots (and even dirt), bark, herbs, anything they thought was fit for food.

A STORY ABOUT 'POSSUM.

Once upon a time, Mr. 'Possum was out hunting something to eat. He saw a farmer coming home from town (ha-way yar do be ge, e yar wo ja ja nar hay ska). He pretended to be dead right in the road (mar ow ka yar, chee nar dar wa, ko ha ska). So the farmer jumped out and threw him into the wagon (na hay ska, chag gu they na hay ska ma ow kay ow), and went on. The 'Possum threw the meat out of the wagon, got out himself and trotted off with it (bay na mar nee, na ha ska wa shee ke bay ka gla). He commenced to eat it, when Mr. Wolf came along (he na, daw way gee gla, ar skow na ha ska mar), and asked him where and how he got it (ne car thee na, gee ar sko, ho, to twoe na, wa shee). The 'Possum told his story to the wolf (la gee ja, ar sko, oow la ka sko, ho, he tar loo). Said the Wolf, "Well, my friend, I must try it. I am very hungry" (e haw oow ja na ka, ar sko, e tar lar sko na ha ska, mar oow ka yar e tar ho har sko). Sure enough, a farmer was coming, so he "played dead" in the middle of the road (na ha ska, cha que thay na lay ska, mar oow kay). When the farmer came and got out of the wagon (e tha wa, ho thay naw, tar say ke glu cha), he got his axe and chopped the Wolf's head off (ar sku, na mar ne da wa daw wa ka gla ska). The Wolf thought he was going to put him into the wagon like the 'Possum (mar ne kar the nay, na mar ne, oow bay ne; nar se lar nar hay ska, tar say ke glue ja na ska), but he "got left," and an end was put to his life (he na ska schee slau ar la ka, na ew lar na ha ska cha). [Miss Owen suggests that this is "Uncle Remus." Mrs. Lasley, however, states that she had it from her mother. *Editor.*]

STORY OF A BOY WHO KILLED A 'COON.

Once upon a time a boy had been out hunting and was on his way home. He met an old man. The old man stopped and said, "Hello, you killed a 'coon, my grandson." But the boy went on, as he was anxious to get home with his 'coon. His mother skinned it and cooked it. The boy said, "Oh, mother, I met an old man, but I did n't give it to him." Said the mother, "Oh, my son, why did n't you give it to him? You must go after him, so that he may eat a piece of the 'coon." So the boy did, and the old man came and ate some of the 'coon. It did not satisfy him, for he was disappointed at not getting any in the first place. Soon after the boy died, for the old man had bewitched or poisoned him. After he had killed him he made a song the words of which are:—

Oh you are the one that killed the big 'coon!

THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER AND THE ORPHAN.

Once there was an Indian village. The chief had one daughter. She was very pretty and a nice girl. All the boys admired her, but she would not marry any one. When a certain man was going on the war-path with some men and boys against another tribe, this girl made up her mind to go with them. So she asked her father. At first he was not willing, but she would not give up the idea, so he consented, and asked the head man of the party of men and boys that was going out. She went with them. She had on all a man wears and "packs." They travelled a good many days before they could find anybody. At last they found a village. Before they came to it, the boys used to cook something very nice and take it to her. This was the way they "sparked." If she did n't eat it, it was a sign that she did n't like them. So all the nice boys tried her in that way, but she would n't eat anything they cooked for her. But towards the last, an orphan boy (he was good, but not well-off as the rest were) cooked her something which she ate. All the other boys were surprised to see her eat what the poor boy had given her. This was on the way. This boy had a friend who stayed with him all the time (they were always together). The scouts saw the village, and all went to kill the people. When it was all over this boy never came back. The girl felt very bad when the poor boy was missing. She asked of his friend about him. The friend said that he had been killed. The people thought it could not be helped now that he was dead, and concluded to start for home next day. But they could not get the girl to go home with them. She stayed to look for the poor boy. She went toward the village to look for him. At night she got close to the village, and saw him, right in the middle of the village, at the chief's tent. There he was in the midst of a crowd, with his hands and feet tied. They were making him sing a song, or a kind of prayer, used in olden times when any one is going to be killed (his death-song). It made her feel very bad to see him in that way. About midnight she fixed up a stick and made it look like a baby. Then she went around the village and began singing for the "baby" she had made. In this way she put everybody to sleep, even those who were watching him. After they were all asleep, she went up to him and cut the strings that bound his hands and feet. She had an axe in her belt, with which she chopped one of the men's head off. She then told the young man to hurry and go with her. But his limbs were so numb that she had to carry him on her back as far as the end of the village. They reached home all right. The people were all surprised, for they thought she was dead, and that he would never come back again. The boy's friend had not

seen him killed. He had desired him to be killed so that he could have the girl. When the friend tried to take her home, she would not go, although he said the boy was killed, and there was no use in her acting that way, for he was dead and gone. He had cut the poor boy's bowstring, and of course he thought he was sure to be killed when caught. The poor boy's friend was very much ashamed when he saw him return. So the poor orphan married the chief's daughter.

THE INDIAN WHO CROSSED THE OCEAN.*

Long ago an Indian and his son went across the ocean in a ship full of hides of all sorts of animals. When they reached the other side, the white men wanted to beat them out of their hides. They asked the Indian to let his boy run a race with a white man. The boy was small and the white man big, so he was not his size. The Indian agreed. "Well, my son," he said, "you shall run a race with this white man." So he began painting his son, dressing him, and putting a buffalo-horn on his head. He taught him what to say, when first started, and so many times at certain places. The racers started. The Indian's boy began to be ahead at the middle, and beat the white man. Then they wanted to see if he could kill a buffalo-bull they had, that was so dangerous nobody could do anything with him. "You beat us out of a ship full of goods, and your hides too," they said. The Indian told them he would try to kill it. So he taught his boy again what to do. He painted four arrows, two black and two red. He made a present for the buffalo (an eagle feather, some paint, and some Indian tobacco—these he threw away) and talked to the animal, telling him they were going to kill him, and asking him to be killed (this was the way they used to do on the buffalo hunt long ago). When they had done all this, the boy got ready. He went around the animal and shot him twice, killing him on the spot. Once more they told the Indian that if his boy would shoot through a certain big stone, they would then be beaten for sure. The boy used the same arrows and shot through the stone. By this time, everybody who had seen him shoot through the stone, making it bleed, was frightened, and they gave up to him all he had won and took him across with all the hides and goods he had won from them. When he got pretty near the shore where his people were, he put a flag up and made a song of which these are the words :—

ha go na je ja ke we la, ha ha, e qua we la,
ha go na je ja ke we la, ha ha, e qua we la.

THE STORY OF THE TWINS.

Once upon a time a man and his wife lived all alone in a little shanty. The man used to go hunting at daylight. He told his wife once that a man would come who would do everything and say everything to make her look at him, but she must not listen to him, else it would not be good for her. "All right," said she, "I will not." One day the man came, and said everything to her, but she did not notice him, and he went off. He kept coming for three days, and the fourth time he came she looked at him as he was going out of the shanty. He had two faces, and turned back into the shanty, saying, "I thought you would n't be very hard." Taking out his bow and arrow, he shot at her until she was dead. He then cut her open and there were little twins in her. Thinking it was about time for her husband to return, he then went away. When the husband returned he found his wife dead, but the little twins were still alive, so he took care of them. They were boys. He kept them for a few days, and, thinking that the smaller one was not going to live, he threw it away under a big log. The days went by, and this little boy grew fast; the years went by and he was big enough to take care of the house, while the man went hunting. One day he heard somebody singing. The voice came nearer and nearer, and it said, "Lonlay's got father and he eats meat; but I eat only wild beans because I've got grandmother." The boy that was singing was his brother who had been thrown away. The rat had carried him into its hole, and the old rat had raised him. He was singing for his brother. After the father had gone hunting he used to come and play with his brother, and they would muss the house all up. When he thought it was time for their father to return he would go back to his rat grandmother's to sleep. When the father came home he would see everything scattered all about the house. He said, "My son, it looks as if you had been playing with somebody, the way the house looks." The boy said nothing, and the father went away the third time. When he came back in the evening, he said, "Have you been playing with somebody? You'll set the house on fire, my son." Said the boy, "Yes, father. A little boy always comes right after you go off. He is always singing, and says, 'Lonlay's got a father, and he always eats meat, but I've got a grandmother, so I eat wild beans.'" Said the father, "Oh, my son, that's your brother. The next time he comes, seize his scalp lock, wind it round your hand, and holloa for me. I will come and cut it off, so that he won't go away again, and you will have company. So, the next morning, he made ready, sharpened his butcher knife, went off a little distance, and hid himself. The boy came, but would n't go

inside the shanty. He had some idea that the father was near. His brother said, "Come in, come in." But he said, "No, I am afraid." Said the other, "Why, my father went long ago." At last he came in, and after they had begun playing his brother seized the plait of hair and wrapped it around his hand, and called for his father. The father came and cut the plait off. The little boy tried to get away, but the man talked with him, and told him he was the father of both of them. He told them the whole story of the killing of their mother. He told him he must stay with his brother, because their father had to go off hunting most of the time. When the boys grew to be of a pretty good size, their father said to them, "You must never go to that big bank, because nobody ever goes there." But as soon as their father had gone off hunting one of the boys, the smaller, said, "Let's go." Said the other, "Where?" The younger said, "You know; where that big bank is." Said his brother, "Oh, no." Said other, "Why?" "Because our father told us not to," said the older. "Well, give me my hair-plait, and I'll go home," said the other. "Well, let's go then," said the older one. So they went, and when they got there they found nothing but snakes. "Oh, what nice things!" they said, and took a lot of them home. Some they cut up and cooked for their father. Others they hung up about the shanty (the rattlesnakes inside), some on the door, etc. When their father came in through the door he was frightened, and when he sat down the snakes touched him on his head and back, so that he was almost scared to death. He ran out of the house. "Oh, my sons," he said, "you naughty boys, you just take them back where they belong." They did this. When their father went out hunting next morning, he told them not to go to a certain other place. "All right," they said, "we won't." But after he had gone, the younger one said, "Let's go." Said the other, "Where?" Said the younger, "Where our father said; you know he told us to go there." Said the other, "Oh, no, he told us not to go there." Said the younger, "Well, give me my scalp-lock; I'll go home, if you don't want to go." Said the other, "All right, I'll go with you." So they went to the place, a big high rock. "Well, grandmother," said the boys to the biggest rock there was there, "we have come after you. Come with us. We will 'pack' you on our backs. There is to be a great council, and every one must be there." "I will 'pack' you, grandmother," said the younger. "Very well, my grandson," said the old rock. So he got it upon his back and carried it home. When he got home he could n't get it off his back. And when their father came home in the evening, he found that one of the boys had a big rock on his back. "Why, my sons," said he, "what are you doing with your grandmother here? Take her back where

she belongs." So they took her back where they got her, and the rock came off of itself. Next day when their father went off hunting as usual, he told them not to go to a certain place, where there was a white bull that no one could ever kill. "All right," they said. But as soon as he had gone, the younger son said, "Well, let's go now." Said the other, "Oh, no. Our father told us not to go." Said the younger, "Well, if you don't want to go, just give me my lock, and I'll go home to my grandmother." Said the other, "Well, all right; I'll go with you." So they went to the place. They never were without their bows and arrows, and when the white bull came after them, they just stood there, and kept shooting at him till they killed him. They skinned him and took the hide home. Then they stuffed it and set it before the door, where it looked very life-like. When their father came home in the evening, and saw the wonderful thing standing before the door, he just ran for his life. But the boys called after him, telling him that the bull was dead. When he came back, he said, "Oh, my boys, how did you kill him? Did n't I tell you not to go there?" Said they, "We thought what a kind-looking creature he was, when you said nobody could kill him." Next morning when he went out hunting, he told them not to go to another certain place. But just as soon as he was off they went to the place and found three angels which they brought home. When their father came home in the evening and saw them, he scolded his sons, and told them to take the angels back where they belonged. This they did. By this time the father had got to be rather afraid of his sons, and thought he would run away from them. So next morning he got ready and went off. But the boys knew all the time what he was doing. He travelled all day until dark, when he thought he would lie down to sleep. So he tied his gun to a tree and lay down by a log and fell asleep. Next morning the boys woke him up, and said, "Why, father, what are you trying to do? Why did n't you lie in bed right and sleep better?" When he got up and looked around, he found himself sleeping right in the shanty by the fire-log, with his gun tied to the post inside the shanty. He tried three times in vain to get away. The fourth time he started off, he never slept any, but travelled day and night, and so got away. These boys were "regular devils," but they killed all the "devils" around them.

Mary Lasley (Bee-wah-thee-wah).

RESERVE, KANS.